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JANUARY

VOL.
9

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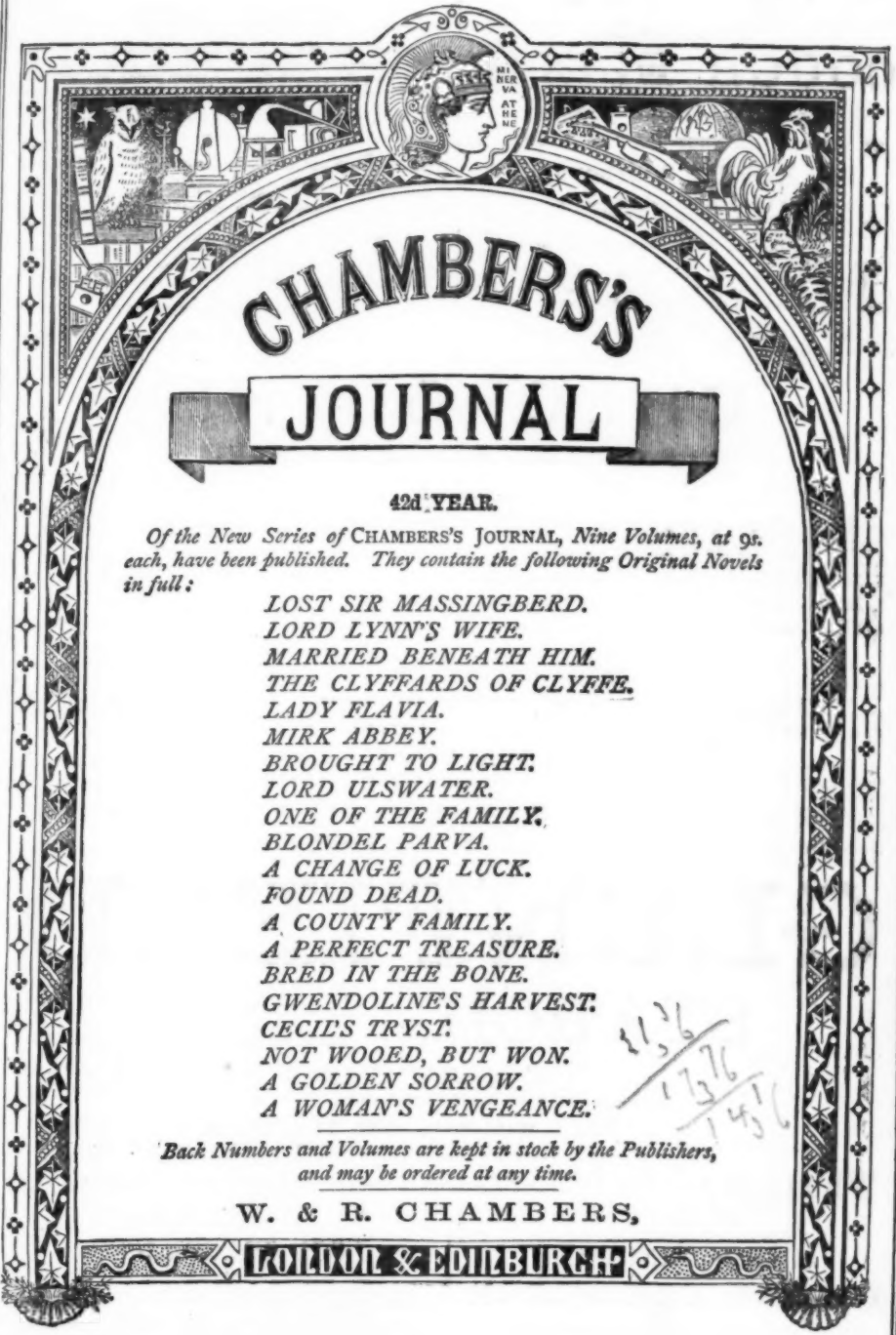
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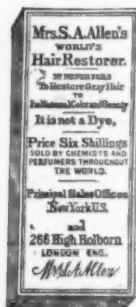
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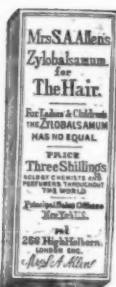
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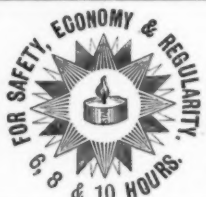
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1873.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

WILLING TO DIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND THE KEY."

CHAPTER XXXIII. NOTICE TO QUIT.

WE drank tea with Lady Lorrimer. Mamma continued very silent, and I think she had been crying in her room.

"They can't tell me here whether Harry has arrived or not," said Lady Lorrimer. "He might have returned by the Dardale-road, and if so, he would not have passed through Golden Friars, so it is doubtful. But I'm pretty sure that was he."

"I wish I were sure of that," said mamma.

"Well, I don't know," said Lady Lorrimer, "what to advise. I was just going to say it might be a wise thing if you were to make up your mind to see him, and to beard the lion in his den."

"No," said mamma; "if you mean, to meet him and speak to him, I could not do that. I shall never see him again—nothing but pain could come of it; and he would not see me, and he ought not to see me; and he ought not to forgive me—never!"

"Well, dear, I can't deny it, you did use him very ill. And he is, and always was, a fierce and implacable enemy," answered Lady Lorrimer. "I fancied, perhaps, if he did see you, the old chord might be touched again, and yield something of its old tone on an ear saddened by time. But I dare say you are right. It was a Quixotic inspiration, and might have led to disaster; more probably, indeed, than to victory."

"I am quite sure of that—in fact, I know it," said mamma.

And there followed a silence.

"I sometimes think, Mabel—I was thinking so all this evening," said Lady Lorrimer, "it might have been happier for

us if we had never left this lonely place. We might have been happier if we had been born under harder conditions; the power of doing what pleases us best leads us so often into sorrow."

Another silence followed. Mamma was looking over her shoulder, sadly, through the window at the familiar view of lake and mountain, indolently listening.

"I regret it, and I don't regret it," continued Lady Lorrimer; "if I could go back again into my early self—I wish I could—but the artificial life so perverts and enervates one, I hardly know, honestly, what I wish. I only know there is regret enough to make me discontented, and I think I should have been a great deal happier if I had been compelled to stay at Golden Friars, and had never passed beyond the mountains that surround us here. I have not so long as you to live, Mabel, and I'm glad of it. I am not quite so much of a Sadducee as you used to think me, and I hope there may be a happier world for us all. And, now that I have ended my hominy, as they call such long speeches in this country, will you, dear Ethel, give me a cup of tea?"

Lady Lorrimer and I talked. I was curious about some of the places and ruins I had seen, and asked questions, which it seemed to delight her to answer. It is a region abounding in stories strange and marvellous, family traditions, and legends of every kind.

"I think," said mamma, à propos des bottes, "if he has returned they are sure to know in the town before ten to-night. Would you mind asking again by-and-bye?"

"You mean about Harry Rokestone?"

"Yes."

"I will. I'll make out all about him.

We saw his castle to-day," she continued, turning to me. "Our not knowing whether he was there or not made it a very interesting contemplation. You remember the short speech Sheridan wrote to introduce Kelly's song at Drury Lane—'There stands my Matilda's cottage! She must be in it or else out of it?'"

Again mamma dropped out, and the conversation was maintained by Lady Lorrimer and myself, and in a little while mamma took her leave, complaining of a headache; and our kinswoman begged that I would remain for an hour or so, to keep her company.

When mamma had bid her good-night, and was gone, the door being shut, Lady Lorrimer laughed, and said:

"Now, tell me truly, don't you think if your papa had been with us to-day in the boat, and seen the change that took place in your mamma's looks and spirits from the moment she saw Dorracleugh, and the tall man who stood on the rock, down to the hour of her headache and early good-night, he would have been a little jealous?"

I did not quite know whether she was joking or serious, and I fancy there was some puzzle in my face as I answered:

"But it can't be that she liked Sir Harry Rokestone; she is awfully afraid of him—that is the reason, I'm sure, she was so put out. She never liked him."

"Don't be too sure of that, little woman," she answered gaily.

"Do you really think mamma liked him? Why, she was in love with papa."

"No, it was nothing so deep," said Lady Lorrimer; "she did not love your papa; it was a violent whim, and if she had been left just five weeks to think, she would have returned to Rokestone."

"But there can be no sentiment remaining still," I remarked. "Sir Harry Rokestone is an old man!"

"Yes, he is an old man; he is, let me see, he's fifty-six. And she did choose to marry your papa. But I'm sure she thinks she made a great mistake. I am very sure she thinks that, with all his faults, Rokestone was the more loveable man, the better man, the truer. He would have taken good care of her. I don't know any one point in which he was your papa's inferior, and there are fifty in which he was immeasurably his superior. He was a handsomer man, if that is worth anything. I think I never saw so handsome a man in his peculiar style. You think me a very odd

old woman to tell you my opinion of your father so frankly; but I am speaking as your mamma's friend and kinswoman, and I say your papa has not used her well. He is good-humoured, and has good spirits, and he has some good nature, quite subordinated to his selfishness. And those qualities, so far as I know, complete the muster-roll of his virtues. But he has made her, in no respect, a good husband. In some a very bad one. And he employs half a dozen attorneys, to whom he commits his business at random, and he is too indolent to look after anything. Of course he's robbed, and everything at sixes and sevens; and he has got your mamma to take legal steps to make away with her money for his own purposes; and the foolish child, the merest simpleton in money matters, does everything he bids her; and I really believe she has left herself without a guinea. I don't like him; no one could who likes *her*. Poor, dear Mabel, she wants energy; I never knew a woman with so little will. She never showed any but once, and that was when she did a foolish thing, and married your father."

"And did Sir Harry Rokestone like mamma very much?" I asked.

"He was madly in love with her, and when she married your papa, he wanted to shoot him. I think he was, without any metaphor, very nearly out of his mind. He has been a sort of anchorite ever since. His money is of no use to him. He is a bitter and eccentric old man."

"And he can injure papa now?"

"So I'm told. Your papa thinks so; and he seldom takes the trouble to be alarmed about any danger three or four months distant."

Then, to my disappointment and, also, my relief, that subject dropped. It had interested and pained me; and sometimes I felt that it was scarcely right that I should hear all she was saying, without taking up the cudgels for papa.

Now, with great animation she told me her recollections of her girlish days here at Golden Friars, when the old gentry were such bores and humorists, as are no longer to be met with anywhere. And as she made me laugh at these recitals, her maid, whom she had sent down to "the bar" to make an inquiry, returned, and told her something in an undertone.

As soon as she was gone, Lady Lorrimer said:

"Yes, it is quite true. Tell your mamma that Harry Rokestone is at Dorracleugh."

She became thoughtful. Perhaps she was rehearsing mentally the mediatory conference she had undertaken.

We had not much more conversation that night: and we soon parted with a very affectionate good-night. My room adjoined mamma's, and finding that she was not yet asleep, I went in and gave her Lady Lorrimer's message. Mamma changed colour, and raised herself suddenly on her elbow, looking in my face.

"Very well, dear," said she, a little flurried. "We must leave this to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER XXXIV. SIR HARRY'S ANSWER.

ABOUT eleven o'clock next morning our chaise was at the door of the George and Dragon. We had been waiting with our bonnets on to say good-bye to Lady Lorrimer.

I have seen two or three places in my life to which my affections were drawn at first sight, and this was one of them. I was standing at the window, looking my last at this beautiful scene. Mamma was restless and impatient. I knew she was uneasy lest some accident should bring Sir Harry Rokestone to the door, before we had set out upon our journey.

At length Lady Lorrimer's foreign maid came to tell us that milady wished to see us now.

Accordingly we followed the maid, who softly announced us.

The room was darkened; only one gleam, through a little opening in the far shutter, touched the curtains of her bed, showing the old-fashioned chintz pattern, like a transparency, through the faded lining. She was no longer the gay Lady Lorrimer of the evening before. She was sitting up among her pillows, nearly in the dark, and the most melancholy whimpering voice you can imagine came through the gloom from among the curtains.

"Is my sweet Ethel there, also?" she asked, when she had kissed mamma. "Oh, that's right; I should not have been happy if I had not bid you good-bye. Give me your hand, darling; and so you are going, Mabel. I'm sorry you go so soon, but perhaps you are right; I think you are; it would not do, perhaps, to meet; I'll do what I can; and write to tell you how I succeed."

Mamma thanked and kissed her again.

"I'm not so well as people think, dear, nor as I wish to think myself. We may not meet for a long time; and I wish to tell

you, Mabel—I wish to tell you both—that I won't leave you dependent on that reckless creature, Francis Ware. I want you two to be safe. I have none but you left me to love on earth." Here poor Lady Lorrimer began to cry. "Whenever I write to you, you must come to me; don't let anything prevent you; I'm so weak; I want to leave you both very well, and I intend to put it out of my power to change it—who's that at the door? Just open it, Ethel, dear child, and see if any one is there—my maid I mean—you can say you dropped your handkerchief—hush."

There was no one in the lobby.

"Shut it quietly, dear; I'll do what I say—don't thank me—don't say a word about it to any one, and if you mention it to Francis Ware, charge him to tell no one else. There, dears, both, don't stay longer. God bless you. Go, go, God bless you."

And, with these words, having kissed us both very fondly, she dismissed us.

Mamma ran down, and out to the carriage very quickly, and sat back as far as she could at the far side. I followed, and all being ready, in a minute more we were driving swiftly from the George and Dragon, and soon town, lake, forest, and distant fells were hidden from view by the precipitous sides of the savage gorge, through which the road winds its upward way.

Our drive into Golden Friars had been a silent one, and so was our drive from it, though from different causes.

I was thinking over our odd interview with poor Lady Lorrimer. In what a low nervous state she seemed, and how affectionately she spoke!

I had no inquisitive tendencies, and I was just at the age when people take the future for granted. No sordid speculations therefore, I can honestly say, were busy with my brain.

We were to have stayed at least ten days at Golden Friars, and here we were flying from it before two days were spent. All our plans were upset by the blight of Sir Harry Rokestone's arrival at least a fortnight before the date of his usual visit, just as Napoleon's Russian calculations were spoilt by the famous early winter of 1812. I was vexed in my way. I should not have been sorry to hear that he been well ducked in the lake. Mamma was vexed in her own way, also, when about an hour after, she escaped from the thoughts that agitated her at first, and descended to her ordinary level. A gap of more than a week was

made in her series of visits. What was to be done with it?

"Where are we going, mamma?" I asked, innocently enough.

"Nowhere—everywhere. To Chester," she answered, presently.

"And where then?" I asked.

"Why do you ask questions that I can't answer? Why should you like to make me more miserable than I am? Everything is thrown into confusion. I'm sure I don't know the least. I have no plans. I literally don't know where we are to lay our heads to-night. There's no one to take care of us. As usual, whenever I want assistance, there's none to be had, and my maid is so utterly helpless, and your papa in town. I only know that I'm not strong enough for this kind of thing; you can write to your papa, when we come to Chester. We shan't see him for Heaven knows how long; he may have left London by this time; and he'll write to Golden Friars; and now that I think of it—oh, how am I to live through all this!—I forgot to tell the people there where to send our letters. Oh dear, oh dear, it is such a muddle. And I could not have told them, literally, for I don't know where we are going. We had better just stay at Chester till he comes, whenever that may be; and I really could just lie down and cry."

I was glad we were to ourselves, for mamma's looks and tones were so utterly despairing, that in a railway carriage we should have made quite an excitement.

In such matters mamma was very easy to persuade by any one who would take the trouble of thinking on themselves, and she consented to come to Malory instead; and there, accordingly, we arrived next day, much to the surprise of Rebecca Torkill, who received us with a very glad welcome, solemnised a little by a house-keeper's responsibilities.

Mamma enjoyed her simple life here wonderfully, more, a great deal, than I had ventured to hope. She seemed to me naturally made for a rural life, though fate had consigned her to a town one. She reminded me of the German prince mentioned in Tom Moore's journal, who had a great taste for navigation, but whose principality unfortunately was inland.

Papa did not arrive until the day before that fixed for his and mamma's visit to Dromelton. He was in high spirits, everything was going well; his canvass was prospering, and now Lady Lorrimer's conversation at parting, as reported by mamma, lighted up the uncertain future with a

steady glory, and set his sanguine spirit in a blaze. Attorneys, foreclosures, bills of exchange hovering threateningly in the air, and biding their brief time to pounce upon him, all lost their horrors, for a little, in the exhilarating news.

Mamma had been expecting a letter from Lady Lorrimer; one, at length, arrived this evening. Papa had walked round by the mill-road to visit old Captain Etheridge. Mamma and I were in the drawing-room as she read it. It was a long one. She looked gloomy, and said, when she had come to the end:

"I was right; it was not worth trying. I'm afraid this will vex your papa. You may read it. You heard Aunt Lorrimer talk about it. Yes; I was right. She was a great deal too sanguine."

I read as follows:

MY DEAREST MABEL,—I have a disagreeable letter to write. You desired me to relate with rigour every savage thing he said—I mean Harry Rokestone, of course—and I must keep my promise, although I think you will hate me for it. I had almost given him up, and thinking that for some reason he was resolved to forget his usual visit to me, and I being equally determined to make him see me, was this morning thinking of writing him a little cousinly note to say that I was going to see him in his melancholy castle. But to-day, at about one, there came on one of those fine thunderstorms among the fells that you used to admire so much. It grew awfully dark. Portentous omen! And some enormous drops of rain, as big as bullets, came smacking down upon the window-stone. Perhaps these drove him in; for in he came, announced by the waiter, exactly as a very much nearer clap of thunder startled all the echoes of Golden Friars into a hundred reverberations; a finer heralding, and much more characteristic of the scene and man than that flourish of trumpets to which kings always enter in Shakespeare. In he came, my dear Mabel, looking so king-like, and as tall as the Catstean on Dardale Moss, and gloomy as the sky. He is as like Allan Macaulay, in the Legend of Montrose, as ever. A huge dog, one of that grand sort you remember long ago at Dorracleugh, came striding in beside him. He used to smile long ago. But it is many years, you know, since fortune killed that smile; and he took my poor thin fingers in his colossal hand, with what Clarendon calls a "glooming" countenance. We talked for some time as well as the thunder

and the clatter of the rain, mixed with hail, would let us.

By the time its violence was a little abated, I, being, as you know, not a bad diplomatist, managed, without startling him, to bring him face to face with the subject on which I wished to move him. I may as well tell you at once, my dear Mabel, I might just as well (to return to my old simile) have tried to move the Catstean.

When I described the danger in which the proceedings would involve you, as well as your husband, he suddenly smiled; it was his first smile, so far as I remember, for many a day. It was not pleasant sunlight, I can tell you; it was more like the glare of the lightning.

"We have not very far to travel in life's journey," I said, "you and I. We have had our enemies and our quarrels, and fought our battles stoutly enough. It is time we should forget and forgive."

"I have forgotten a great deal," he answered. "I'll forgive nothing."

"You can't mean you have forgotten pretty Mabel?" I exclaimed.

"Let me bury my dead out of my sight," was all he said. He did not say it kindly. It was spoken sulkily and peremptorily.

"Well, Harry," I said, returning upon his former speech, "I can't suppose you really intend to forgive nothing."

"It is a hypocritical world," he answered. "If it were anything else every one would confess what every one knows, that no one ever forgave any one anything since man was created."

"Am I, then, to assume that you will prosecute this matter, to their ruin, through revenge?" I asked, rather harshly.

"Certainly not," said he. "That feud is dead and rotten. It is twenty years and more since I saw them. I'm tired of their names. The man I sometimes remember—I'd like to see him flung over the crags of Darness Heugh—but the girl I never think of; she's clean forgot. To me they are total strangers. I'm a trustee in this matter; why should I swerve from my duty, and incur, perhaps, a danger, for those whom I know not?"

"You are not obliged to do this; you know you are not," I urged. "You have the power, that's all, and you choose to exercise it."

"Amen, so be it; and now we've said enough," he replied.

"No," I answered, warmly, for it was impossible to be diplomatic with a man like this. "I must say a word more. I ask you only to treat them as you describe

them, that is, as strangers. You would not put yourself out of your way to crush a stranger. There was a time when you were kind."

"And foolish," said he.

"Kind," I repeated; "you were a kind man."

"The volume of life is full of knowledge," he answered, "and I have turned over some pages since then."

"A higher knowledge leads us to charity," I pleaded.

"The highest to justice," he said, with a scoff. "I'm no theologian, but I know that fellow deserves the very worst. He refused to meet me, when a crack or two of the pistol might have blown away our feud, since so you call it—feud with such a mafflin!" Every now and then, when he is excited, out pops one of these strange words. They came very often in this conversation, but I don't remember them. "The mafflin! the coward!"

I give you his words; his truculent looks I can't give you. It is plain he has not forgiven him, and never will.

Your husband, we all know, did perfectly right in declining that wild challenge. All his friends so advised him. I was very near saying a foolish thing about you, but I saw it in time, and turned my sentence differently; and when I had done he said:

"I am going now; the shower is over." He took my hand, and said, "Good-bye." But he held it still, and looking me in the face with his gloomy eyes, he added: "See, I like you well; but if you will talk of those people, or so much as mention their names again, we meet as friends no more."

"Think better of it, do, Harry," I called after him, but he was already clanking over the lobby in his cyclopean shoes. Whether he heard me or not, he walked down the stairs, with his big brute at his heels, without once looking over his shoulder.

And now, dear Mabel, I have told you everything. You are, of course, to take for granted those Northumbrian words and idioms which drop from him, as I reminded you, as he grows warm in discussion. This is a "report" rather than a letter, and I have sat up very late to finish it, and I send it to the post-office before I go to bed. Good-night, and Heaven bless you, and I hope this gloomy letter may not vex you as much as its purport does me; disappoint you, judging from what you said to me when we talked the matter over, I scarcely think it can

There is a Latin proverb, almost the only

four words of Latin I possess, which says *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, for which, and for its translation, I am obliged to Mr. Carmel: "The unknown is taken for the sublime." I did not at the time at all understand the nature of the danger that threatened, and its vagueness magnified it.

Papa came in.

He read the letter, and the deeper he got in it the paler his face grew, and the more it darkened. He drew a great breath as he laid it down.

"Well, it's not worse than you expected?" said mamma, at last. "I hope not. I've had so much to weary, and worry, and break me down; you have no idea what the journey to Golden Friars was to me. I have not been at all myself. I've been trying to do too much. Ethel there will tell you all I said to my aunt; and really things go so wrong and so unluckily, no matter what one does, that I almost think I'll go to my bed and cry."

"Yes, dear," said papa, thinking, a little bewildered. "It's—it's—it is—it's very perverse. The old scoundrel! I suppose this is something else." He took up a letter that had followed him by the same post, and nervously broke the seal. I was watching his face intently as he read. It brightened.

"Here—here's a bit of good luck at last. Where's Mabel? Oh, yes! it's from Cloudesly. There are some leases just expired at Ellenston, and we shall get at least two thousand pounds, he thinks, for renewing. That makes it all right for the present. I wish it had been fifteen hundred more; but it's a great deal better than nothing. We'll tide it over, you'll find." And papa kissed her with effusion.

"And you can give three hundred pounds to Le Panier and Tarlton; they have been sending so often lately," said mamma, recovering from her despondency.

CHRONICLES OF LONDON STREETS.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THERE is no truth in the tradition of the early Anglican church, that a Roman temple of Apollo ever stood on the site of the present abbey. The Thorney Island monks, there is no doubt, merely invented the story, to match the equally doubtful legend of a temple of Diana having been the predecessor of Saint Paul's. It is also uncertain whether King Sebert really founded the first abbey in the marshy peninsula,

though the place of his grave is still shown in the choir.

In Edward the Confessor, however, we behold the real founder of Westminster Abbey. When in exile in Normandy, out of reach of the pagan Danes, the pious king had vowed, if he ever returned safe to old England, to make a pilgrimage to the grave of his patron saint, Saint Peter, at Rome. Prevented from facing the dangers of such a pilgrimage by his faithful Commons, the king, who spent his life at mass or at the chase, resolved to found a monastery to his favourite saint. To gratify the royal devotee, the zealous monks of Thorney Island revived a beautiful old legend of the first building of the monastery in the time of Mellitus, first Bishop of London. The story ran thus: On a Sunday night, the eve of the consecration, a poor Saxon fisherman, named Edric, was casting his salmon-net in the Thames near Thorney Island. On a sudden he saw a bright light across the water on the Lambeth shore. Pulling over to the place he found a venerable man in foreign robes, who asked him to ferry him over the stream. Edric consented, and rowed the stranger over to the new church on Thorney Island. At once a celestial glory filled the sky. The building stood out without shadow like a gate of the New Jerusalem, while round it appeared a host of angels ascending and descending with odorous thuribles and lustrous candles. The stranger was Saint Peter, and he had come to bless Sebert's monastery. Presently the august stranger returned to the poor Saxon cowering in his boat, and asked for food, but no salmon had that holy night blessed his net. Then the saint rose and revealed himself as the keeper of the keys of heaven, and bade Edric tell Bishop Mellitus on the morrow that Saint Peter himself had consecrated the church. Finally the saint, mindful of his old craft, bade Edric go out again and throw his net, and he would catch a plentiful supply of fish, "whereof (for the saint was very precise) the greater part shall be salmon;" and that good luck he granted on two conditions; first, that Edric was never again to fish on Sunday; secondly, that he was to pay a tithe of the first catch to the new abbey at Westminster. All happened as the saint promised. The next day Edric, with a fat salmon in his hand, met the bishop at the monastery door, and told him his tale. Upon this the Thorney Island monks sought to escape the jurisdiction of the London bishop. They pointed to

the infallible proofs—the crosses marked on the church—the walls still wet with holy water—the Greek alphabet twice written on the sands of the island, the smears of holy oil, and the droppings of the angels' wax tapers. The bishop was too great a courtier not to at once waive his right. Henceforward, the abbey clergy took good care to take due tithe of the Thames fishermen from Gravesend to Staines. Saint Peter's words, to say the least, had been freely interpreted. Once every year a rude Thames fisherman might sit beside the Westminster prior at the state table of the refectory, and receive ale and bread from the monks' cellarer in return for his plump fish. Convenient miracles soon occurred to honour the new abbey. The old king carried an Irish cripple from the palace to the altar, when he instantly walked away whole. The king, also, while at high mass with Tenynson's Earl of Coventry, and the beautiful Godiva, saw a child "pure and bright like a spirit" appear in the sacramental wafer. Edward the Confessor eventually rebuilt the old palace close by the abbey, and there spent the best part of fifteen years in watching the new structure. He also rebuilt a shrine to Saint Margaret, on the site of an old chapel to the north of the abbey.

The new abbey was well supplied with relics by the pious king, including a girdle dropped by the Virgin to convince Saint Thomas of her Assumption, and a cross which had floated over after the king from Normandy. King Edward died a few days after the consecration. His body, robed and crowned, was laid before the high altar. Three times at least, says Dean Stanley, the living chronicler of the abbey, it has been seen. In the reign of Henry the First, Bishop Gundulf plucked a hair from the long white beard; in the reign of Henry the Second the pilgrim's ring, sent to the king by Saint John, was drawn from the shrivelled finger, and the cloth of gold vestments of the corpse cut into copes; again, in the reign of Henry the Third, the king made the shrine of the Confessor the centre of the abbey, raising it on a mound in front of the Lady Chapel, which he added. The grave was also disturbed by Henry the Eighth; it was replaced by Mary; and at the ill-omened coronation of James the Second, a rafter broke in upon the Confessor's coffin, and a gold chain and crucifix were, it is said, taken from among the hallowed bones.

In 1066 the Confessor died, and even now the abbey contains many records of his supposed sanctity and miracles. On the abbey screen of the time of Henry the Sixth are represented two legends of the Confessor. In the one Edward is warning a thief who is stealing from the royal chest to be off before his chamberlain, Hugotin, returns, as he would not leave him (the thief) a half-penny. Another represents the king seeing a black demon dancing triumphantly on the casks of gold collected to pay tribute to the Danes, a tax Edward afterwards abolished.

In the Bayeux tapestry the abbey is twice represented, in one instance with a warning comet above it. One later anecdote of the Confessor's tomb is worthy of mention. At the Conquest, Wulfstan, of Worcester, the only Saxon prelate undisplaced, was declared unfit for his see. The old man at once walked into the abbey, and struck his pastoral staff on the Confessor's tomb. "Edward," he said, "thou gavest me this staff, to thee I return it." The crozier instantly grew into the solid stone, and William, accepting the miracle, confirmed Wulfstan in the see. A few relics of the Confessor's building are still supposed to exist. Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., is of opinion that one of these is the vast dark arch in the southern transept of the substructure of the dormitory, with its huge regal pillars. A massive low-browed passage leading from the Great Cloisters to Little Dean's Yard, and some portions of the refectory and infirmary chapel, are also of Edward's time, or soon after.

The Saxon kings were usually crowned at Kingston or Winchester, but the coronation of the Conqueror at the abbey initiated the abbey of the Confessor as the future crowning-place of our English kings. The crown, sceptre with the dove, gloves, and ring, were all Saxon, and the coronation oath was taken on a book of the gospels said to have been King Athelstane's, all of which, till the time of that royal robber, Henry the Eighth, were kept in the treasury of Westminster.

The coronation of Richard the First, the warrior king, was marked by great cruelties towards the ill-fated Jews. A royal proclamation had forbidden the presence of Jews or witches at the coronation banquet. Unfortunately some rich Jews, impelled by curiosity, pushed forward among the crowd; but, detected by the proud Norman nobles, were seized, stripped, and almost beaten to

death. A massacre and a plunder of the Jewish houses in London then took place, and spread through the provincial cities.

Richard's brother, the usurper John, at his coronation, to reward the Cinque Ports for their aid in his Norman campaigns, ordered their five barons to henceforward carry the canopy over the king on his way from the palace to the abbey, and during the process of the sacred unction. They had long before acquired a place at the right hand of the monarch during the coronation banquet for their vigilant watch over the Channel.

The coronation of Edward the First was followed by a singular exhibition of barbaric generosity. The day after, when Alexander of Scotland did homage to the warlike king, five hundred chargers were let loose among the crowd to be captured and kept by whoever chose—a rough gift. It was this same "malleus Scotorum" who first brought the sacred coronation stone of Scotland to the abbey, and caused it to be embedded in the coronation chair of England. This stone, said to have been Jacob's pillow at Bethel during his wondrous vision of the angel's ladder, had, according to Scotch legends, visited Egypt, Spain, and Ireland. From Dunstaffnage Castle it was carried to Scone, where the Picts were finally defeated. Upon it the kings of Scotland were crowned according to an old and almost universal Gothic and Celtic custom. The stone is Scotch sandstone. An eminent Scotch antiquary has gone near to prove that "the stone of Fate" was really the pillow on which St. Columb rested his dying head at Iona, and that it was removed to Scone about 850 by Kenneth M'Alpin, the first real monarch of united Scotland. With all its drawbacks that rude block of sandstone is the most interesting relic in Great Britain. Edward, in the last year of his fierce reign, paid one hundred shillings for the present oak chair that encases the palladium of the Scotch. The chair at first was to have been copper, but the king changed his mind. It is probable that the panels were once filled with mosaic of different coloured glass, and the sides draped with knights, monsters, foliage, and birds, &c.; at the back was a king seated, his feet resting on a lion. The strenuous Scotch seem to have made many efforts to recover their lost palladium. It was even ordered in Edward's time to be surrendered to the Scotch, but the people of London, says an old chronicler, "would by no means allow it to depart from themselves." This

wonderful old piece of furniture, so dingy now, yet so consecrated by tradition, was used by the priest when celebrating mass at the altar of Saint Edward. Every English king has sat in that chair, and even Cromwell was installed in it as Lord Protector.

But leaving the abbey coronations for awhile, let us turn back to the reign of Henry the Third, who rebuilt the church. This poor, but prodigal king, spent nearly half a million on his religious plaything. "He probably," says Sir Gilbert Scott, "sent English architects to study at Amiens, Beauvais, and Rheims." Abbot Ware brought him an Italian workman, and mosaics from Rome, to construct the pavement before the shrine of Edward. Some of the architectural arrangements were purely French, and the choir was Spanish. The Confessor's central tower, choir, transept, and cloisters, were all pulled down. The great shrine contained niches round it to receive the pilgrims who came to touch the holy corpse as a cure for the king's evil. Henry's brother and two sons themselves removed the Confessor's coffin. Behind the shrine were placed precious relics brought from Palestine by the Templars, and given to the superstitious monarch—a tooth of Saint Athanasius, a stone bearing the footprint of our Saviour, and a phial of priceless value containing some drops of the blood shed on Calvary.

To the abbey of Henry the Third, Sir Gilbert Scott awards the highest praise. It is, he says, a work of the highest and noblest order—early English of the culminating period, the high-water mark of English architectural art, not pre-eminent in mere height or in richness of sculpture, but exquisite in proportion, and teeming with artistic beauty. This munificent king built part of the cloisters, the chapter-house, and the lower story of the western aisle of the transept. The chapter-house itself is an incomparable gem, and was the model of that at Salisbury, so carefully restored, with its round of quaint scripture histories, by Mr. Burges. It is now, alas! a mere wreck, for Edward the Third turned it over to the House of Commons, and in or after the reign of Edward the Sixth it became a public record lumber-room, and in 1740 the vaulting grew dangerous and was taken down. It is octagonal, and supported by one richly carved slender shaft (thirty-five feet high) of Purbeck marble. A curious external chamber, erroneously called the chapel of Saint Blaix, is now proved to have been the old revestary, and

was where the priests' copes and vestments were hung. It was formerly crossed by a bridge which led the monks from their dormitory to the church. The room had formerly three doors, the central one lined with human skins—probably, modern antiquarians think, the skins of sacrilegious persons who perished for their crime. According to Sir Gilbert Scott, this was once the pyx chamber; a second room, a Saxon vault, was long used as a wine-cellar. In one of these rooms, under where the stairs of the dormitory ran, Sir Gilbert found the floor covered with dusty parchment bundles of old writs, the dates from Edward the Third to Henry the Seventh, upon which the Westminster boys soon after made a too successful foray; there were also a number of small wooden boxes containing sealed deeds (from Henry the Third to Edward the Third).

The tomb of Henry the Third in the Confessor's chapel has been most carefully described by Mr. Burges. For this tomb Edward the First, with filial piety, brought jasper from the Holy Land. Master William Torel (a London goldsmith) executed the idealised bronze figure (formerly gilt) of the king for the tomb, which is a double one. Both tombs are mosaic, of Italian work. The three recesses in the first tomb probably, says Mr. Burges, once held rich reliquaries protected by a metal grille. The sceptre in each hand, the canopy at the head, and the lions at the feet, have all disappeared. In the south ambulatory lies King Henry's little dumb daughter Catherine. The tomb was once brilliant with precious marbles and mosaics, which have been picked out by thieves. Over it stood a silver statue of Saint Catherine; near her husband rests Henry's beloved Queen Eleanor. The beautiful ideal effigy of the queen is also by Torel, and was formerly painted. In one hand the queen holds a sceptre, in the other the string of her crucifix. The family of Henry the Third, indeed, musters strong in the venerable abbey. Near the little dumb girl at the entrance of Saint Edmund's chapel, two other of Henry's young children, Richard and John, sleep, and, in a gold cup by the Confessor's shrine, once stood the heart of his nephew Henry, who was assassinated in the cathedral of Viterbo (as Dante mentions) by the revengeful sons of Simon de Montfort. Henry's half-brother, William de Valence, lies in Saint Edmund's chapel. The favouritism shown to this Poitevin knight was one of the earliest causes

of the weak yet cunning king's quarrel with the turbulent barons. The effigy is of oak, covered with Limoges enamel. The lower tomb is of stone, and at the top of it stands a wooden chest, once covered with gilt and enamelled copper. The armorial bearings of Henry's contemporaries were once affixed to the wall of the choir, and along the nave hung the shields of Henry's nobles. In the choir is the tomb also of Edmund Crouchback, second son of Henry and the first Earl of Lancaster; he accompanied Edward and his brother to the Crusades. He it was who introduced the Provence rose into the Lancastrian arms. Aveline, his wife, lies beside him. There is also Henry's nephew, Aymer de Valence, who fought at Bannockburn, and who sat on the trial of the insolent favourite Gaveston, who had nicknamed him "Joseph the Jew," because he was gaunt, tall, and swarthy. Aymer was eventually assassinated in France. At the tomb of Queen Eleanor, on the anniversary of her death, one hundred wax-lights were annually burned, and each new abbot of Westminster was bound on oath to keep up this ceremony.

By-and-bye, Edward carried more dead to the old abbey; first of all his little son Alfonso, to whom he gave the golden crown of the last Welsh king to hang before the Confessor's shrine. Last of all came the conqueror of Scotland and Wales himself. The tomb was simple, as a soldier's should be—massive Purbeck marble, gilt, but with no mosaics, carving, or effigy. The king had desired that his flesh should be boiled, and his bones left to be carried at the head of the first English army that invaded Scotland, while two thousand pounds of silver were stored up, and one hundred and forty knights chosen, to bear his heart to the Holy Land as soon as Scotland should be subjugated. Once every two years the tomb was opened and the wax of the king's cerecloth renewed. But the conquest of Scotland never came, and the big heart never visited Palestine a second time. When the house of Lancaster seized the sceptre, Edward the Second and his dying wish were soon forgotten. The body remained unseen till Horace Walpole's flippant time, when the prying Society of Antiquaries looked in and saw the corpse of the old terror of Scotland, six feet two inches long, wrapped in waxed cloth and cloth of gold. The men with wigs poured in pitch upon the corpse, and so prevented the desecrated body from being again desecrated. The inscription on the tomb,

"Edward the First, the hammerer of the Scotch; keep your promise," seems to be at least as old as Henry the Fifth. Invisible now for ever rests the great Plantagenet, who enlarged the abbey westward into the nave.

Poor murdered Edward the Second was buried at Gloucester, near where he was tortured to death, but Edward the Third came duly to the great family burying-place, for there he had promised his beloved Queen Philippa to rest by her side. The face of the brave and noble queen's effigy is, says Mr. Burges, the earliest attempt at realistic portraiture in the abbey. Thirty figures of her Hainault kinsmen once surrounded her tomb, as round the king, her husband's, were graven his Tudor children, including the Black Prince. The sword and shield, that had seen such rough service in France, continued till Sir Roger de Coverley's time, and later, as part of the wonders exhibited by the abbey showmen.

That reckless prodigal, Richard the Second, who had rebuilt the greater northern entrance to the abbey, long known as Solomon's Porch, whose favourite badge, the white hart, still exists on a partition between the muniment room and the southern triforium of the nave, and whose effeminate portrait (one of our earliest royal portraits) is still to be seen in the Jerusalem Chamber, was interred, or supposed to be interred, in the abbey, where his queen had been buried. His tomb, erected by Henry the Fifth, and decorated with motley heraldic emblems, peascods, ostrich feathers, eagles, and leopards, still shows traces of gilding through centuries of dust.

Henry the Fifth, free from the guilt that perhaps made his subtle father unwilling to lie among the Plantagenets, whom he had displaced, expressed in his will his wish to be buried in the abbey he had enlarged, the nave being prolonged by that idol of our nursery days, Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London, the greatest English architect of his age. At the funeral of the conqueror of Agincourt his three chargers were led up to the altar, and an effigy of the king was displayed upon a triumphal car. The body of Henry the Fifth was buried at the end of the Confessor's chapel. According to his will, a chantry chapel was raised high upon his tomb, with an altar in honour of the Annunciation. The chapel was built in the shape of the letter H, to eternally mark the pious and warlike founder. Around

the mortuary chapel were sculptured his French victories. Amongst the pomp and pride of heraldry appear the De Bohun's swans and antelopes, and Henry's peculiar emblematical badge, the flaming cresset, the shining light springing from the dead coals of his ill-spent youth. Above were hung his helmet, the emblazoned shield, that had shone like a leading star at Agincourt, and the saddle the royal horseman had bestrode. The shield is gone, but the saddle and helmet remain. The helmet still retains the dents it received from Alençon's sword, and is the same which the Alexander of England refused, in his Christian humility, to have borne before him in vain-glorious state when he returned in triumph to London. The effigy of oak was once plated with silver, and had a silver head, but the silver was stolen by burglars during the Dissolution. "Some Whig, I warrant you," said Sir Roger de Coverley; "you ought to lock up your kings better." Henry's French queen, Catherine, so playfully sketched by Shakespeare, afterwards married Owen Tudor, a Welsh gentleman, and was eventually buried in an ill-made coffin in the Lady Chapel of the abbey. Henry the Seventh, when he destroyed Henry the Third's Lady Chapel, placed Catherine's coffin beside her husband. The tradition is that she herself wished to be buried apart from Henry as a punishment for having once disobeyed him. Happy husband to be only once disobeyed; paragon of a wife to be so penitent for only one offence!

Her unhappy son, Henry the Sixth, is supposed to have erected the screen which now divides Edward's shrine from the high altar. Certain it is that the king, ten or twelve years before his suspicious death, went to the abbey in the evening by torchlight with his confessor to choose his grave, but he could not decide, being unwilling to move the tomb of Queen Eleanor. Another time he came, made his prayers at his father's grave, then went up into the chantry, and in silence for an hour surveyed the whole chapel. The servile priests wished to make room for him by pushing on one side his father's tomb. But, kingly at least for once, "the sore saint for the crown" replied: "Nay; let him alone; he lieth like a noble prince. I would not trouble him." He then proposed to move the great reliquary from beside the Confessor's shrine, and thus gain seven feet of holy earth. "Lend me your staff," he said suddenly to the Lord Cromwell. "Is it

not fitting I should have a place here, where my father and ancestors lie, near Saint Edward?" Then he took a white staff, and pointing said: "Here, methinketh, is a convenient place, forsooth; forsooth, here will we lie. Here is a good place for us."

Then the master masons traced the oblong of the grave with an iron tool, and three days afterwards the tomb, never to be erected, was begun by statuary and copper-smith. But the battle of Wakefield was soon after fought, and when the feeble king died, the new dynasty took care to suppress the too frequent Lancastrian miracles by burying the corpse of "this uncle of blissful memory" in the chapel at Windsor.

To Henry the Seventh we are indebted for the beautiful chapel which Leland calls in rapture "the miracle of the world." The king wished, no doubt, to petrify the power of the new dynasty in this great monumental casket, and to leave an eternal proof at once of his piety, taste, and magnificence. To the Virgin Mary, his special patron, whom, "in all his necessities in exile he had made his continual refuge," he dedicated this great offering. He spent fifty thousand pounds in purchasing lands for his chapel, and he began the clearance for it by pulling down the Lady Chapel, an ancient tavern called the White Rose, once Chaucer's garden, and a small chapel of Saint Erasmus, built by Edward the Fourth's queen. Before the king's decease, the building was all but completed, and only nine days before his death, the king handed over five thousand pounds to Abbot Islip, to give the finishing stroke to the work. The chapel is allowed by such authorities as Mr. Parker to be the richest specimen known of English Tudor, and of the fan tracery, unknown in France.

The work was probably executed by a band of freemasons in the royal pay. The stone, which proved so bad, came from the Huddlestons quarries in Yorkshire. From the careful will of Henry the Seventh, we learn all his wishes. The tomb was to be of touchstone, with copper-gilt effigies. The sides were to be fitted with nineteen copper-gilt statuettes of Henry's patron saints, and the whole was to be enclosed with a metal-work enclosure of gilt copper. At the east end of the tomb there was to be a wooden altar covered with plates of gold. The king had planned three altars, with side spaces left for six more. One of

these was to be that of "his blessed uncle Henry," but the cost of canonisation of the said blessed uncle was more than the nephew perhaps dared to face, so it remained a mere good intention. In this gorgeous chapel death and pride are wedded for ever. The pride of race and conquest were cautiously blended for the people's eye. To succour and defend the king from the "evil and damnable spirits," the royal saints of Britain, Saint Edward, Saint Edmund, Saint Oswald, and Saint Margaret of Scotland, stood sentinels in many a niche, while Saint Barbara and Saint George stood in ceaseless vigil round his tomb. The pride of heraldry glowed on every wall—the pomegranate of Granada, the red dragon of Wales—even the badges of Henry the Sixth—the red rose of Lancaster, and the greyhound and portcullis of Beaufort. In the stained glass of the window, one sees the crown of the dead Crookback hanging on the Bosworth thorn-bush where it was found. Henry the Seventh died at Richmond, and his body was brought to this stately chapel in magnificent procession. The tomb was executed for his son, Henry the Eighth, by that pugnacious Florentine, Torrigiano, who also, with coarser art, designed the altar. The monument, says Mr. Burges, is pure Italian Renaissance, very delicate and beautiful, and must have been executed after that visit to Italy, when the sculptor in vain tried to induce Benvenuto Cellini to come over to England and work beside him. The Renaissance was fast coming, and with the revival of pagan literature through printing, the Reformation itself.

The gorgeous gates of Henry the Seventh's chapel are wood covered with brass plates, which have been, says Mr. Burges, richly gilt. One single lock-plate alone has escaped the hands of antiquaries and thieves. The badges in the perforated panels are crowns and portcullises, falcons and fetter-locks, fleur-de-lis, lions, and the crown in the rose-bush. In the splendid gilt brass grille of the tomb only six saints out of thirty-two remain in their niches.

Mr. Burges mentions a curious fact not to be forgotten about this royal chapel. Some years ago, when the aisle vaults were cleaned out, there was found among the rubbish of Henry the Seventh's time, a dirty, crumpled leaf of one of our earliest printer's books. It is possible, thinks this eminent antiquary, that Caxton set up his press in

the very spacious triforium, it being a quiet, undisturbed place for the laborious and enthusiastic old printer.

UNENDING.

I SEN that all these things come to an end,
The things we glory in, the things we fear;
Annihilation's shadow still doth lend
Its gloom to every pleasant thing and dear.
Each heavy burden under which we bend
Will some day from our wearied shoulders move;
One thing alone there is which hath no end—
There is no end to Love.

There is an end to kisses and to sighs,
There is an end to laughter and to tears;
An end to fair things that delight our eyes,
An end to pleasant sounds that charm our ears;
An end to enmity's foul libelling,
And to the gracious praise of tender friend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To Love there is no end.

That warrior carved an empire with his sword,
The empire now is but like him—a name;
That statesman spoke, and by a burning word
Kindled a nation's heart into a flame;
Now nought is left but ashes, and we bring
Our homage to new men, to them we bend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To Love there is no end.

All beauty fades away, or else, alas!
Men's eyes grow dim, and they no beauty see;
The glorious shows of Nature pass and pass,
Quickly they come, as quickly do they flee;
And he who hears the voice of welcoming
Hears next the slow, sad farewell of his friend;
There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To Love there is no end.

And for ourselves—our father, where is he?
Gone, and a memory alone remains;
There is no refuge on a mother's knee
For us, grown old and sad with cares and pains;
Brotherless, sisterless, our way we wend
To Death's dark house from which we shall not rove;
And so we cease: yet one thing hath no end—
There is no end to Love.

THE SERGEANT'S GHOST STORY.

EVERYBODY, or nearly everybody, young or old, loves a ghost story. It is not necessary to believe in its truth to derive enjoyment from it. The more inexplicable it appears to our ordinary reason, the greater the charm that it exercises. Incredulity itself is pleased by a flight into the regions of the wonderful and the supernatural, as is evident from the satisfaction derived by people of all ages and nations from fairy tales, which nobody accepts for truth. But the fairy tale only appeals to the imagination. The ghost story goes deeper into the mysterious fountains of human nature, and touches on the confines of the great undiscovered land of spirits, whose secrets are not to be divulged on this side of the grave. Hence its charm and fascination, and hence

everybody who reads or hears a ghost story, experiences a satisfaction, either in believing in it implicitly, or in explaining it away by natural causes.

A few years ago I travelled in a British colony in America. The governor was absent in England on his holiday visit, and the duties of his office were temporarily performed by the chief justice, aided by the prime minister, or secretary of state. I was a frequent guest at Government House, and there became acquainted with an old soldier, one Sergeant Monaghan, who performed the part of orderly or messenger, and sometimes waited at table when the governor had company. The manners of a colony are free and easy, and learning that the old soldier was a thorough believer in ghosts, and had one ghost story which he was fond of telling, I invited him to my room, treated him to a cigar and a glass of grog, gave him a seat by the blazing wood fire, and prevailed upon him to evolve the story once again out of the coils of his memory. I repeat it, as nearly as I can, in his own words.

"You see," said Sergeant Monaghan, "Tim O'Loughlin was a delicate and wake sort of a boy. He had had a love affair in Ireland that weighed on his mind. He was a kind of cousin of mine, and served in my regiment as a private. Perhaps he would have risen to be a sergeant if he had lived, but, as I said, he was not strong. You may have noticed that from the gate of Government House, where the sentry-box stands, you can see into the burial-ground on the opposite side of the road. Not a cheerful situation for Government House. But, however, all the best rooms look into the garden at the back, and the governor need not see much of the burial-ground, except when he goes in and out. One foggy night, Tim O'Loughlin was stationed as sentry at Government House. It was full moon at the time, and the light upon the white warm mist that lay like an immense blanket over the earth, shone weak and watery-like. It was not a very thick fog, and did not hide objects at the distance of a hundred yards, but only revealed them to make them look larger than they really were. I was in the guard-room smoking my pipe, comfortably as I am now (either a pipe or a cigar, it's all the same to Sergeant Monaghan, if the baccy's good), when who should walk in but Tim O'Loughlin, with a face of such wild, blank, dismal terror, as I never saw before or since on a human being. It was fully an hour before his time to be

relieved of duty, and in leaving his post he had committed a very serious offence. I ordered him back to his post, but he sat down by the fire, and doggedly refused to stir.

"What's the matter with you, Tim?" said I. "Are you unwell? And why did you come off duty? And it's I myself that'll have to report you."

"You may report—you must report; but I will not go back again, though I be shot for it. I have seen him."

"Him?—and who is him?"

"Him! Why Captain Percival. He came close up to me, and pointed to a man in the burial-ground digging a grave next to his own."

"The captain had died about a month previously, and Tim, who was very much attached to him—and indeed everybody in the regiment was—had grieved very much about his death. He had acted as the captain's servant, and had received many favours at his hand, and poor Tim was a grateful crater."

"It's all nonsense, Tim," said I. "Go back to your post, and in reporting you, I'll make the best case out that I can for you."

"Never!" said Tim, "if I be shot for it."

"As chance and luck would have it, the doctor happened to drop in at this moment, and learning the circumstances that had induced Tim to leave his post, questioned him fully on the subject. But he felt Tim's pulse first, and there came over his face an expression that I noticed, but that Tim did not, which said very plainly to me that he did not like the beat of it. Tim was confident that he had seen Captain Percival, and that the captain pointed out the grave which a man was digging alongside of his own, and had distinctly told him that he was to be buried there as soon as the grave was quite ready."

"And you saw the man digging the grave?" asked the doctor.

"Distinctly," replied Tim; "and you can see him too, if you go immediately."

"Do you go, sergeant," said the doctor to me, "and I'll sit with O'Loughlin till you return. I think you had better detail another sentry in his place. Is there any brandy to be got? But stay; it does not matter. I have a flask. And O'Loughlin, my man, you must take a pull at it; it is medicine, you know, and I order it."

"Tim was taking a pull at the flask as I went out. I thought it possible enough that the grave-digger might be at work,

but I did not know what to say about the captain, except to think, perhaps, that Tim had been dreaming, and fancied he saw things that had no existence. I got into the burial-ground without difficulty—the gate was not fastened—and went straight to the grave of Captain Percival. There stood the gravestone, sure enough, with the captain's name, age, and date of death upon it, and a short story besides, setting forth what a good and brave fellow he was, which was all as true as gospel. But there was no grave-digger there, nor no open grave, as Tim had fancied. I went back, and found Tim and the doctor together, Tim not looking quite so wild and white as before, but bad and ill, all the same.

"Well?" inquired the doctor.

"Well!" I replied. "There's nothing to be seen. It's just as I thought. Poor Tim's fancy has cheated him, and it's my opinion the poor boy is not well at all. An' what am I to do about reporting him?"

"You must report him, of course," said the doctor; "but I don't think much harm will come to him out of that. O'Loughlin, you must go into hospital for a day or two, and I will give you some stuff that will bring you out again right as a trivet, and you will see no more ghosts."

"Tim shook his head, and was taken quietly to the hospital, and put to bed. The brandy had done him good; whether it was all brandy, or whether there wasn't a drop of sleeping stuff in it, I can't say, but it's very likely there was, for the doctor told me the longer he slept in reason the better it would be for him. And Tim had a long sleep, but not a very quiet one, for all that same, and tossed about for the matter of a dozen hours or so. But he never got out of bed again. When I saw him at noon the next day he was wide awake, and very feverish and excitable."

"How are you, Tim, my poor fellow?" said I, taking his hand, which was very hot and moist.

"I've seen him again," he replied. "I see him now. He is sitting at the foot of the bed, and pointing to the graveyard. I know what he means."

"Tim, it's crazy that ye are," said I.

"He shook his head mournfully. 'Monaghan,' he sighed, rather than said, 'ye've been a kind friend to me. Give that to the little girl in Ireland—you know.' And he drew a photographic portrait of himself from under his pillow, tied round with a blue ribbon, from which depended a

crooked sixpence with a hole in it. 'In a few days ye'll be laying me in the ground alongside of the captain. Do ye see him now? he is leaving the room, smiling upon me, and still pointing to the graveyard. I am no longer afraid of him. He means me no harm, and it is no blame to him if he is sent to tell me to get ready.'

"Tim, you are cheating yourself. What you're telling me is all a waking drame. I can see no ghost."

"Of course you can't," said Tim, 'the spirits never appears to two persons at once. But Patrick Monaghan,' he added, 'let us talk no more on the subject, but send Father Riley to me, that I may unburden me sowl, and die in peace.'

"It would have been cruel in me to have argued the matter with the poor afflicted creature, and him such a friend of my own too, so I left him to go in search of the doctor first, and of Father Riley afterwards. They both came. What passed between Tim and the holy father, of course I never knew; but the doctor told me distinctly that Tim was in a very bad way. The stomach was wrong, the nerves were wrong, the brain was wrong; in fact, he was wrong altogether, and had a fever which the doctor called by a very grand and high-sounding name, which I did not hear very plainly, and which if I did I am unable to remember. Tim survived three days after this, sleeping and dozing, and talking in his sleep, and every now and then saying, amid words which I could not well put together into any meaning, 'I am coming, I am coming.' Just before he died, he grew more collected, and made me promise that he should be buried in the grave that had been dug for him by the side of the captain. I knew that no such grave had been dug as he said, and that it was all a delusion; but what was the use of arguing with a dying man? So I promised of course, by my honour and by my sowl, to do all I could to have his last wish gratified. The doctor promised also, and so did Father Riley, and I think poor Tim died happy. His last words were something about the ribbon and the crooked sixpence, and the captain, the very last syllable being 'I come.'

"We buried the poor lad in the place assigned by himself, and I was so affected altogether by the sadness of the thing, that I could have persuaded myself, in fact I did persuade myself, that I saw Captain Percival in undress, or fatigue uniform, just as he had appeared to poor Tim walking past

the sentry-box before the door of Government House, and stopping every now and then to point at the grave; and the more I closed my eyes to avoid seeing him, the more permanently and clearly he stood before me."

"And are you in any doubt on the subject now?" I inquired.

"And indeed I am," replied the sergeant, shaking the ashes from his cigar with the tip of his little finger. "Tim must have seen the ghost, and must have believed in him, and if I only saw it after Tim's death, it is but another proof of what almost everybody knows, that two people never saw the same ghost at the same time. And ghost or no ghost, it is quite clear that Tim died of him, and might have been alive at this moment but for the ghost's extraordinary behaviour. But it's one of the questions that all the talk in the world can't settle."

"Do you think Tim would have seen the ghost of Captain Percival, or anybody else, if he had been sound in wind and limb, if he had been a strong hearty man with a good appetite, and an undisordered stomach?"

"Can't say," replied the sergeant, taking a sip of his liquor. "The doctor thought not; but doctors don't know everything; and if there were no ghosts, why, I should like to ask, should the spirit of Samuel appear to Saul, and answer his questions?"

"Well, sergeant," said I, "if you are going to the Bible for arguments, I shall shut up. Finish your glass, my man, and let us say good-night."

He finished his glass, he said good-night, and walked away with the air of a man who thought he had had the best of the argument.

WHISTLERS AND WHISTLING.

WHISTLERS are not generally regarded with favour in polite society, nor admired for the sweet music they produce. When a man is about to show himself saucy, he whistles with a peculiar intonation; and when he wishes to hide something wrong, he whistles to show the unconcernedness of innocent simplicity—just as a woman (according to the testimony of one of her sex) hums a tune with similar intent. The dictionary meanings of the word whistle offer wide facilities for attaching queer notions to it. For instance, a whistle is a small, tubular instrument, to be blown in a certain way; the whistle, in the lingo of

many a beer-drinker, is the mouth; a whistle is a particular tone or sound; to whistle is to produce that sound; a whistle or whistling is a blowing of wind amongst trees and through crevices; and amid these various meanings, it would be hard if we could not hit upon some or other to fit all sorts of likes and dislikes, proverbs and old sayings, omens and superstitions, habits and customs—guarded, however, with this important exception, that women seldom whistle.

Let it not be supposed that whistling is absolutely without a scientific basis. Nevertheless, certain it is that we do not usually think much about science when we whistle. The man who, according to Dryden,

Trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistl'd as he went for want of thought,

implied by that form of expression that he was not thinking about much, and least of all about recondite philosophical exposition. The

Flaxen-headed cow-boy
Who whistled o'er the lea,

whistled because he liked it, and that's enough. And so did Milton's husbandman,

The ploughman near at hand,
Whistled o'er the furrowed land.

Ploughmen, indeed, are favourite whistlers with the poets. There is Gay's:

The ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward, whistles on the way.

The aid of whistling in passing away weary time is made use of in King Lear:

I've watch'd and travel'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

In *As You Like It* we have the whistling tone of a wheezy man:

His big manly voice,
Changing again towards childish treble,
Pipes and whistles in its sound.

Cowper makes another class of man whistle; but it is rather unkind to call him a wretch, seeing that he is the postman:

He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.

In another line Cowper describes his hero as

Whistling as if unconcern'd and gay.

Nor must we forget the lover who, in obedience to a hint from his mistress, attended to the injunction:

Whistle, and I'll come to thee, my lad.

The readers of the *Spectator* will not forget the manner in which Addison as-

sociates whistling with fun and frolic. It is the story of three countrymen who competed for a prize in a whistling match; a guinea for him who could whistle clearest, and go through his tune without laughing. It was one of the conditions that a merry-andrew was to stand before them, and try to provoke their risible faculties by ludicrous contortions and grimaces. Two of the three broke down under this ordeal; the third remained a stoic, and bore off the prize.

But, as we have implied, all this whistling has science to rest upon. The whistlers, without knowing it, are performing acoustical experiments. When air (so says science) is impelled forcibly through a small orifice, it gives rise to vibrations appreciable to the ear; and the more rapid the vibrations, the more acute the note. The mechanism concerned in producing audible sound, belonging to the throat, tongue, palate, and lips, is something marvellous in its beauty, especially what are called the vocal chords or cords in the throat, which vibrate in a wonderful way during singing and whistling. Anatomists have shown the structure of these parts; microscopists have detected and measured the minute details of many of the component tissues, tubes, and fibres; while physiologists have gone far in tracing the exquisite connexions between one function or operation and the rest. Professor Willis, of Cambridge, once made a series of tubes which enabled him to imitate, in a humble way, all the regular vowel sounds, as well as the nasal vowels or consonants. Other men have spent half their lives in devising what they called talking machines—very poor talkers at best, but illustrative of the complex way in which the size and shape of cavities modify the pitch and other characteristics of audible sounds. Helmholtz, the great German investigator, has pursued this matter further than anybody else, and has paved the way to much probable future knowledge of the physiology of singing.

Do we talk of the physiology of whistling? Not quite. We only mean that when science has revealed to us something more than we at present know about the physiology of singing, whistling will, at the same time, be added, as (what boys would call) "a little one in"—nearly closed lips instead of generally open lips, and the tongue all but quiescent. Herr von Joel, in all probability, knew nothing of these matters, so far as science was concerned.

He was a good whistler, and knew it; and having reason to believe that he could whistle a little money into his pocket, he tried the experiment, and succeeded; until at length the muscles of his mouth refused any longer to adapt themselves to the purpose. There are many odd ways of producing musical sounds, or what are intended to pass as such, by some process midway between those of singing and whistling. Boys sometimes produce a kind of music through the small teeth of a comb covered with tissue paper, by breathing through the two layers. Herr Eulenstein, an accomplished performer on the jew's-harp,* who destroyed all his teeth by too long a continuance in this practice, illustrated in a skilful manner the effect produced on a simple vibrating spring by varying the internal capacity and shape of the mouth. Many persons can produce music from a common clay tobacco-pipe, by placing one end between the teeth, varying the shape of the cavity of the mouth, and maintaining a series of slight percussions on the stem. Some thirty years ago four Germans came over to England, and gave performances as the Bohemian Brothers, or Bohemian Minstrels. Their music was of a peculiar character. Three of them sang in the ordinary way; the fourth, without articulating any words, brought forth sounds of vast depth and power by a peculiar action of the muscles of the mouth; to these sounds was given a quality like those of the strings of a double bass, by the movements of the tongue. About the same time, or somewhat more recently, a party of Tyrolese came over, who, by skilful modifications of the shape of the mouth cavity, strange contortions of the lips and exterior of the mouth, and still more strange breathings through the nostrils, managed to imitate (in a rude sort of way) many of the instruments in an orchestra. A Sardinian blind man, said to have been a shepherd, when in London a few years ago, played complete overtures and orchestral pieces on a little whistle only two or three inches long; this peculiar achievement was due partly to numerous changes in the degree of force with which he blew into the whistle, but still more to the movements of lips, tongue, and palate

* Etymologists have lately been invited to consider whether this name may not originally have been jaw-harp or jaw-harp, more likely than the French *jeu*, and still more likely than Jew. When we know that Marazion, in Cornwall, has been transformed into Market Jew, we need not be surprised at the other change.

in modifying the size and shape of the mouth cavity.

But to return to our whistlers. We have a vivid, though not very delighted, recollection of a whistler in the streets of London, who, in wet weather and dry, in summer and winter, in forenoon and afternoon, from Monday morning till Saturday night, whistled the same ever-repeated never-changing tune. Poor fellow! his appetite for bread-and-cheese probably survived his power of earning those luxuries by such mouth-aching means.

Every schoolboy is a whistler in a way that involves a bit of acoustic philosophy; or, if not, a few trials ought to make him competent to produce fist music or fist whistling. Bring the thumbs of the two hands together, side by side, arranging the hands and the closed fingers to form a hollow cavity; blow into a narrow aperture left between the two thumbs, and you may, by a little dexterity, produce a loud sound, shrill or deep according to the force of the blast. As to another kind of sound, produced by blowing hard when two fingers are between the closed lips, we had better say nothing about it; it is naughty—the thieves' whistle. There is more connexion between these kinds of finger-whistling, and the small toy-whistles of children, and the dog-whistles known to sportsmen, than might at first appear; a narrow orifice is the main thing concerned, whether the sides of the orifice be of bone and flesh, or of metal and wood.

There is an old superstition, which it is not easy to get to the bottom of, concerning a certain cry or sound heard in the night, supposed to be produced by the Seven Whistlers. What or who these whistlers are is an unsolved problem. In some rural districts they are popularly believed to be witches, in others ghosts, in others devils, while in the Midland Counties they are supposed to be birds, either plovers or martins—some say swifts. In Leicestershire it is deemed a bad omen to hear the Seven Whistlers, and our old writers supply many passages illustrative of the popular credulity. Spenser, in his *Faerie Queene*, speaks of

The whistlers shrill,
That who hears doth die.

Scott, in the *Lady of the Lake*, names the bird with which his character associated the cry:

And in the plover's shrilly strain
The signal whistlers heard again.

When the colliers of Leicestershire are

flush of money, we are told, and indulge in a drinking bout, they sometimes hear the warning voice of the Seven Whistlers; they get sobered and frightened, and will not descend the pit again till next day. Wordsworth speaks of a countryman who

The seven birds hath seen that never part,
Seen the Seven Whistlers in their nightly rounds,
And counted them.

A year or two ago, during a thunder-storm which passed over Leicestershire, and while vivid lightning was darting through the sky, immense flocks of birds were seen flying about, uttering doleful affrighted cries as they passed, and keeping up for a long time a continual whistling like that made by some kinds of sea-bird. The number must have been immense, for the local newspapers mentioned the same phenomenon in different parts of the neighbouring counties of Northampton, Leicester, and Lincoln. A gentleman, conversing with a countryman on the following day, asked him what kind of birds he supposed them to have been. The man answered, "They are what we call the Seven Whistlers;" and added that whenever they are heard it is considered a sign of some great calamity, and that the last time he had heard them was on the night before the deplorable explosion of fire-damp at the Hartley Colliery. Soldiers, too, in time of fierce war, are said to be not quite free from a superstitious belief that such cries in the air denote an approaching battle with great slaughter. A stranger notion than any of these associates the Seven Whistlers, or the shrill birds of some indefinite number, with a very old myth of past days. One evening, some years ago, a gentleman was crossing a wide-spreading moor in Lancashire, in company with an elderly man belonging to the district. As they were passing along they were startled by the whistling overhead of a flight of plovers. The old man said that in the days of his youth the Lancashire hill-folk considered such an occurrence a bad omen, foretelling ill-luck to the person who hears the whistling. Further questions brought out the fact that these birds are called the Wandering Jews—the bodies of the birds contain the souls of the Jews who assisted at the Crucifixion, and who are doomed to float in the air for ever. The gentleman was again reminded by his companion of the omen, when, on coming to a cross-road, he found that a particular stage-coach for which he had been on the look out had just passed; whereby he had to

finish the journey on foot—the Wandering Jews had robbed him of his ride. There must be something very old and widely-spread in this kind of legend, for the caique-men, or boatmen on the Bosphorus, when they see flights of birds continually passing up and down the channel, believe them to be the souls of the damned, doomed never to have rest in this world, and never to see another, always moving about, but having no purpose in their coming and going.

Whistling, or rather blowing through a whistle, has sometimes been adopted as a test, whereby to determine whether a toper still retains sobriety enough to blow a good blast. A drinking-cup, fashioned by a silversmith at Nuremberg in the sixteenth century, was so shaped that it could not be set down on a table till quite emptied, nor filled unless held in the hand. When the mouth of the cup was downwards, the bottom appeared surmounted by a windmill. The drinker having emptied the cup or goblet, blew into a little pipe at the side, gave a shrill whistle, and at the same time set in motion the vanes of the windmill; the number of times that the mill turned round was indicated on a small dial; and thus the drinker could show visible testimony that he was still vigorous enough to blow lustily. But there is something far more stirring than this in Burns. One of his ballads, full of life and "go," begins:

I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth,
I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with the whistle all Scotland shall ring.

The story goes that, in the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with James the Sixth (afterwards James the First of Great Britain), there came also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and not less great as a worshipper of Bacchus. He had in his possession a little ebony whistle. When a banquet and drinking bout commenced, he laid this whistle on the table; and whichever guest was last able to blow it, all the others being disabled by the potency of the wine, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the smaller courts of Germany. He challenged the Scots to try the issue with him. Nothing loth, they encountered him; but he saw them one after another under the table, powerless to blow a whistle of any kind. At length came

forward Sir Robert Lawrie, of Maxwelltown, who, after a hard contest of three days and three nights' duration, saw the Dane prostrated, blew a shrill whistle, and carried off the prize—with as much liquor as his inner man could possibly contain. Sir Robert's son afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel, of Glenriddel. On the 16th of October, 1790, the whistle was, after all these years, contested for by Sir Robert Lawrie (a lineal descendant of the former owner), Riddel of Glenriddel, and Ferguson of Craigdarroch. This was the encounter celebrated in Burns's ballad, one stanza of which tells us that

Six bottles apiece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did!

The orgies need not invite us into detail; suffice it to say that the Lawrie and the Riddel succumbed to the Ferguson, who triumphantly carried off the whistle.

Whistling and drinking are connected by other ties, not quite so dissipated and inebriating as those associated with the Danish and Scottish achievements. There are whistling tankards and whistling cups, which seem to have been intended by their original makers and users to supply a mechanical substitute for the call of "Waiter!" at a tavern. An old lady, widow of a canon residentiary of York, recently presented to the corporation of Hull two ancient silver tankards, one of them called a whistling tankard. It had belonged to Anthony Landeal, mayor of Hull in 1669. A whistle was attached to one side in such a way that it could not be sounded until quite empty; a toper knew that when he could make the whistle speak, there was not wherewithal in the tankard to supply his wants; whereupon he blew a shrill blast to summon the taverner, waiter, or servitor. Among other such tankards known to be still in existence, one is made of earthenware, about eight inches high; it is narrow, quaintly ribbed or embossed on the outside, and provided with a whistle in the feet or stand. There are large earthenware whistling cups or bowls preserved by some of the old Devonshire families, for toast and ale and jolly junketings. One of them has a capacity for six pints of good liquor, and has a rude but hospitable motto around the brim, inviting the guests to share the contents of the bowl; there are four substantial handles, and a whistle on one side. These whistling tankards and bowls have sug-

gested an explanation—not quite so far-fetched as some etymological speculations—concerning the origin of certain phrases or sayings which are not easily understood else, such as "whistling for it," "whistling for his drink," and "wetting his whistle."

Whistling occupies, or occupied—sailors must themselves say whether the superstition has been driven away by screw steamers and ironclads—a peculiar place among the omens believed in by sailors. Whistling used to be considered by old salts as a sort of irreverent defiance of Providence, or rather as tending to provoke the Evil One to show his power in stirring up tempestuous gales. When a storm is raging, don't whistle; when there is a dead calm, whistle a little to encourage a gentle breeze—this seems to be the formula. Miners and pitmen are strongly smitten with a superstition bearing some analogy to this; they do not whistle in the mines, and express uneasiness when a visitor unconsciously does so. Invisible beings are much more earnestly believed in down in these dark places than up amid the broad light of day; and those beings seem to consider whistling rather discourteous to themselves. As to the Alpine guides dissuading mountain climbers from whistling in dangerous places, there is a cogent reason for this; in certain states of the snow, whistling would produce a vibration in the air likely to dislodge and bring down an avalanche.

MY LADY'S RING.

"DREAMS is more than dreams, mem," said Charles, the footman, in a deep, significant tone.

Charles was admitted to the room of which Mrs. Scarlet was the presiding goddess, on account of his "hexcellent heducation." He had been known to have attended several scientific meetings, and "Charles says" decided many vexed questions on historical and scientific subjects in the servants' hall.

"And, talking of dreams," continued Charles, "I wish somebody would dream where to find missis's ring."

The house in Grosvenor-street, where the party of servants were having supper, was owned by a pretty old lady, rich and unmarried, courtly, of old-fashioned ways, who called her housekeeper "Skirlet," and her chariot a "charyot."

The usually quiet and regular household

had been sadly "upset," as they remarked, by the loss, within the last few days, of a diamond ring of great value, left by the old lady, as she perfectly remembered, on her dressing-table one Friday night.

There was excitement and distress amongst the Grosvenor-street household. The cook had been seen weighing several carrots, the supposed weight of the lost jewel. She was hesitating as to the precise number of "several"—four appearing too many, and three scarcely up to the mark, when Charles approaching her with an ironical smile, informed her that, "Although the word was the same in hevery respect, still the jewellers' carrots do not belong in hany way to the kingdom of vegetables. Heverything being divided into kingdoms—diamonds too."

Charles was in livery, and did not therefore enlarge upon the subject as he might under other circumstances. The cook flung her bunch of carrots into a corner, and prepared to devote herself to other branches of the "kingdom of vegetables."

I was then waiting-maid of the dear old lady, whom I truly loved. I was a lonely creature, too, in those dreary days; but the comforts of the housekeeper's room were luxuries to one who, like myself, had passed her youth in a vain endeavour to aid her parents to work their weary way to independence in the bush. I was in Grosvenor-street for a purpose, and sat amongst the servants silent and sad. To chronicle the orations of Charles was my great and only amusement. Why I endured those three most weary years I cannot even now explain. I could not have remained a day, had it not been for the love I bore my mistress.

We were a small but "select" party of four in the housekeeper's room, Scarlet, the housekeeper, Scarlet the butler (husband and wife), Charles, and myself. Scarlet, the butler, was enormously fat. I think I never saw so large a head and neck. He looked quite imposing behind my lady's chair at dinner, but when he threw open wide the drawing-room doors to announce a visitor whom he thought it worth his while to introduce himself, then he was sublime. He was entirely honest. The pride and pleasure of his life was to protect the wealth of gold and silver plate intrusted to his care. He polished it, respected it, and loved it. It was delightful to see him lifting a valuable soup tureen with parental tenderness from its bed of pink cotton. Nature had denied him children, so he adopted my lady's dish-covers.

He rarely spoke; but the day in question, over his cake and wine, he became animated; he, too, was under the influence of the painful state of things, and letting his enormous hand fall heavily upon the table, and turning his honest face towards us, said, "If I had stolen my lady's ring, I would go hang myself!"

"You would save the hangman a great deal of trouble," sharply answered his help-mate, indicating with her finger his enormous throat.

The poor man was startled and astonished; in all the years of their married life his wife had never thus addressed him. She was not loving, but she was never cross, and they had sailed silently but peacefully many years together, on a most untroubled sea. At last he withdrew his eyes from her, and spoke no more. Charles, who had sought in vain an answering look from me, continued the conversation.

"'Aving our boxes searched is what hevery one would wish; but it's the most onsatisfactory thing a policeman does. What's to prevent my taking the ring out of my box, and hanging it in a bag up the kitchen chimney? Look at Mrs. Scarlet. Hold up, mim, hold up," said Charles, vainly trying to prevent her slipping down stiff and straight upon the floor. White as death: not dead though, for she shook like a leaf. We carried her to bed, and after some time left her recovering and sleepy, Scarlet, her husband, forgetting the recent insult, purring around her, as it were, and soothing her to rest. Poor old soul! The loss of the diamond ring and the consequent upset had been, we said, too much for her.

The season was over, my lady closed her house in Grosvenor-street, and started for her place in Cornwall, taking Scarlet, as usual, in the carriage with her.

The weather was intensely hot, and my lady travelled at night, taking pillows and comforts, intending to sleep and be happy. Scarlet resolutely refused to tuck herself up, preferring to sit bolt upright to keep herself awake, a vain endeavour. She sank gradually but surely into a remote corner, uncomfortably doubled up, but fast asleep. My lady was awake, watching Mrs. Skiarlet with much amusement, when suddenly a look of horror crept over the sleeper's placid face. She screamed aloud, "The purse, the old leather purse! I took it out of the chimney. Oh, my Lord! my Lord! save a poor old woman! The devils are after me again." Scarlet sat upright,

her eyes open, staring wildly, but fixed in sleep; she seized my lady's arm, and shook it. "Here, here, in the old leather purse—the diamond ring—take it, and go!"

My lady was brave as a lion. She knew the old leather purse that Scarlet had carried about her for years. In an instant she understood the situation, and with her bright little eyes glittering like steel, she stood over the sleeping woman, hissing out, in an agitated whisper, "You old serpent, give me the purse."

Slowly the sleeping woman drew it out, and, with the same horror-stricken eyes, gave it to my lady, who calmly took the missing ring from its depths and placed it once more upon her finger.

My lady let the woman sleep till the train was drawing up at Blank, then she woke her, waving her hand with the recovered treasure before the face of the miserable woman, who fell in a fit upon the floor.

My lady was gone when Scarlet recovered consciousness, and they never met again. My lady left her to her misery and her despair, but took no further steps to punish. Another housekeeper reigns in her stead. My lady refused to receive the resignation of her faithful butler, who brought it, with tears of shame, and with a list of the plate. After a severe illness he returned to his old mistress, and I have heard that the dishonest Scarlet derives the bread she eats from the mistress she had robbed.

Charles is fixed in his original opinion that "dreams is more than dreams, mem." He is now hall-porter at the Blank Museum, a post after his own heart. He may frequently be seen, and heard, escorting through the various apartments, little groups of his old friends, and explaining to them particularly the "kingdom of vegetables."

NOTES OR GOLD?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "FATAL ZERO," &c. &c.

CHAPTER VIII. A GRAND SCHEME.

A GREAT scheme was on foot. Braham Nagle's CONCERT was in every one's mouth!

Every one had joined in the natural speculation as to the merits of the Nagles. The natural answer was, "Give 'em an opportunity of hearing you!" It was Billy Gardiner that was most "hot" upon this idea.

"It is all very well," he said; "but people must see and hear you in the flesh.

We shall have you on the platform, and Miss Corry, too. Why, her splendid voice would fill Westminster Abbey! There's the new Brickford Hall, all ready and finished, and it would be a fine opportunity to open it with a concert."

Braham Nagle greatly inclined to the idea. This was, indeed, seizing the Brickford populace en gros, in wholesale style, instead of laboriously nibbling at them one by one. It was a superb idea, and should be carried out magnificently. He at once proceeded to organise it.

Indeed, everything was favourable to the designs of the family. Among the Brickfordians was the usual number of young fellows who, after singing Let me Kiss Him for his Mother, or for some other person, at a supper-table, discovered they had voices, and were eager to display them on more auspicious platforms. There was a larger band, with rasping voices, that loved chrousing the Messiah and such classical works, and who delighted in toiling through the heavy loam of oratorios; honest hodmen, who were content to stand in great herds, and rasp out "The glo-ho-ho, ho, ho, ho — ry-hi-bi-hi-hy! the pow-how-how-her!" for hours together.

Here was material suited to Braham Nagle, taking them as being worth five shillings apiece, at the least, and all for what, as the professor would say, "for standing in rows and dividing the wave of a stick among them." Here were the makings of a Philharmonic, Harmonic, Anacreontic Society, or whatever you would be pleased to call it.

However, this was all in the future. Now, there was to be thought of the great enterprise of the concert which Mr. Nagle had taken in hand enthusiastically. No prime minister could appear to have more upon his mind. He was all day planning and rehearsing, with a special view to the occasion; he had, as it were, issued an Order in Council re-establishing the HARMONIC MATINÉES, which, however, did not proceed beyond that abstract constitution. The concert, it would seem, was given "in connexion with Mr. Nagle's Harmonic Matinéés," as though that society had been the means of training up a vast number of executants, who would lend strength to the performance; but the truth was, that though the society was thus called into existence, it was innocent of members. Still it was a good word to conjure with. Musical education was in as raw a state at Brickford as its new red brick; and though there were plenty of pianos ordered as a necessary and orna-

mental article of furniture, still the mere "Shot drill," as Mr. Nagle called it, "of our old friend Doremifasol," would be but an unsatisfactory contribution to a musical entertainment. Mr. Nagle, therefore, felt that he must chiefly rely on his family resources, and on the assistance of a friend. After all, that made but little difference; for, as his ardent supporter and canvasser, Bill Gardiner, observed, the chief point was to dispose of the tickets beforehand, and secure the cash.

"All you want," he added, "is to get the people together." Once they were seated anything would do.

Allusion has been made to the assistance of "a friend." It will be guessed that this contribution included aid from Mr. Alfred Duke. The young man cried out in unfeigned surprise at the notion, when Mr. Nagle made his communication.

"I sing in public! Why they'd all laugh at me. Nonsense, my dear Mr. Nagle."

"Your aid will be invaluable," said the other, gravely. "Your voice may not be of the strong, roaring tamber, like the gigantic Simms! I won't go so far as that; but it is a nice gentlemanly organ, and my little part in its training, I must say, has done marvels. It would be an advantage to me, I confess, to exhibit such a clever pupil. But if you won't, you know——"

Corinna was listening, and joined her supplications. Mrs. Nagle, in a humbler fashion, murmured her entreaties.

"Corinna—my own child," added Mr. Nagle with emphasis, "will sing, but that is no matter."

The wistful eyes of the young lady, and a deep sigh, accomplished what Mr. Nagle's arguments would have failed to do. There was, also, a plentiful stock of male vanity to be appealed to, which, by perpetual praise and enthusiastic bursts of admiration, had been fanned into a greedy flame. Nor must it be supposed that these people were mere crafty schemers, deceiving this young fellow with their flatteries and feigned admiration. They were so pleased with his partiality for their family, that everything he did seemed admirable, or at least "nice," and even in the family "bosom," Mr. Nagle found himself enlarging on the nice gentlemanly way in which his friend "sang his little song." It was therefore carried unanimously that Mr. Alfred Duke was to be brought forward. Reports were duly sent abroad that Mr. Nagle had "a new bary-

tone" ready to come out. Mr. Gardiner was the most active in magnifying the importance of this project, and went about propagating the news, as if it were some piece of state policy.

"I can assure you," he would say, "this is going to be a tip-top affair. Nagle has discovered a mine of harmony in this young fellow's voice. The great Simms, he says, will be nothing to him. Gentlemen, you know, now take to this sort of thing, provided, of course, they have the material, and, I am told, draw their thousand a year at the Italian Opera—so Nagle tells me."

So, indeed, was Nagle fond of telling, with other romantic legends of the kind. Mr. Gardiner had even, after infinite difficulty, succeeded in persuading his relative, Old Doughty, to attend, and had got him to take two tickets. Meanwhile "the rehearsals" went forward at the Crescent; that is, Mr. Duke was to be found there practising, morning, noon, and night; that is, again sitting, or talking in the window with the enchanting Corinna, while Mr. Nagle sat at a sort of extemporised bureau, buried in papers and tickets, writing despatches, as it were, and, as he said, "worn to the very grave." Everything was going on magnificently, and a very fair amount of cash had been received. But the sanguine papa looked forward to the great night as the certain occasion of another far more important event, and fondly hoped that the amorous youth, dazzled by the brilliancy of his success, would bow down and lay his love and fortune at the feet of the enchanting Corinna; though, indeed, it must be stated that the young lady herself would have been fairly content that matters should go on as they were for an indefinite time, and found the whole a most enchanting dream.

It must be confessed, too, that in this view she was seconded by the views of the young gentleman himself, into whose head the idea of marrying a singing-master's daughter, never entered. There was no deliberate heartlessness in this notion of his; he really believed that this exhibition of his devotion and admiration for this handsome girl, coming from so well-born and noble a gentleman, was a sufficient compliment, and that his love would be all that the trusting girl would require. Had any one reasoned seriously with him on the subject, he would have put aside gravely the idea of marrying. "They are sensible people," he would say, "without the sheer folly you give them credit for. They like me; I like

them. It is a great pity there are so many busy people in the world who insist on forcing everything between hard and fast lines. One can have warm friendships, I suppose, without thinking of marriage." He felt very scornful in this view of his, and even took a pride in impressing it on the wondering public.

It was now come to a day or two preceding that momentous one of the concert. Mr. Nagle was seated in his drawing-room at the Crescent, engaged in the delightful task of revising the proofs of some large bills that had just come in. The family were all about him, while Mr. Alfred Duke, almost blushing, surveyed his own name in type for, perhaps, the first time. A copy of the document is supplied in this place:

BRICKFORD HALL, BRICKFORD.

MR. BRAHAM NAGLE,

Of the Metropolitan and Brighton Concerts, Director
of the Harmonic Matinées, Author of
The Dying Swan, &c. &c.,

Begs to announce his

FIRST GRAND CONCERT,

In which he will be assisted by the following Artistes:

Mrs. BRAHAM NAGLE

(Of the Metropolitan and Brighton Concerts),

MISS CORINNA NAGLE,

and

ALFRED DUKE, ESQUIRE,

Who has kindly consented for this occasion only, to
assist the *Bénéficiaire* with his gifted organ.

PART THE FIRST.

Prayer—*Mosè in Egitto*. ROSSINI.
Mr. Braham Nagle, Mrs. Braham Nagle, Miss
Corinna Nagle, and Mr. Alfred Duke.

Duetto Buffo—"Chio Sono." SPELUCCI.

Mr. and Mrs. Braham Nagle.

Solo—The Death of Nelson. BRAHAM.

MR. BRAHAM NAGLE.

*** The song will be given strictly, as sung by the immortal Braham himself, and as taught by him to his favourite pupil, Braham Nagle.

Solo—In this Old Chair. BALFE.
(By particular desire.)

MR. ALFRED DUKE.

"Oh, but I say," remonstrated the young man, "look at the size of the letters in which you have put my name! Why, the people will laugh at me."

"Not a bit too large, amigo," replied the reader, confidently, "the 'caps' are just right."

"If they fit I suppose I must wear them," said the young man, gaily; "but I know I shall make an ass of myself."

"Hush!" said Mr. Nagle; "let us proceed now to

PART THE SECOND.

Duet—Love me! ROBINS.
Miss Corinna Nagle and Mr. ALFRED DUKE.

A regular cooing duet; thirds all the way through up to the avenue, when we put the spurs on, and you canter up to the door in grand style. Oh, to have heard the way the imperishable B. and Kitty Stephens warbled and trilled that—it would have done you for breakfast and dinner for a week!"

It will be evident from the cast of the programme, that Mr. Nagle intended to make his daughter's admirer as conspicuous as possible, and the astute old cantor felt that the singing of an amatory duet in public was not a bad way of setting the public tongue going. He, Nagle, at the instrument, the young pair nervous and faltering, and Corinna fortifying her companion by encouraging whispers, coming to his rescue even, would awaken a softness, an emollient tenderness in the youth, which might lead to the happiest results!

But there were dangers in the way, "Breakers ahead," as Mr. Nagle called them. For who could suppose that at the very moment that the happy party were enjoying the feast of anticipatory glory, an interruption should have come of the most disagreeable sort.

CHAPTER IX. AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER.

MR. NAGLE had the great poster open before him, with Mr. Alfred Duke's name in conspicuous "caps." Mr. Duke was before him in an attitude of docility, his arm on the back of Corinna's chair, an attitude grateful to the paternal eye.

At this crisis the door was opened, and a figure stood before them—Lady Duke!

The confusion may be conceived. Bandits surprised in the act of dividing their booty could not have been more disconcerted. This image may seem unsavoury, but had any one suggested it to Lady Duke, she would there and then have thought it happy to a degree.

"I actually saw these things," she said, contemptuously, pointing to the placard, "on the walls—on the common walls. It is disgraceful—and I cannot suffer it!"

"Madam!" began Mr. Nagle, a good deal confused, "it is merely a little music—we wished to bring forward Mr. Alfred—"

"Bring forward!" she repeated, with disgust that spoke volumes. "But I do not blame you—but you," she said, turning to her son. "I blush to think that you would allow our name to be hawked about, and stuck on the walls like some of the common strollers that go round the towns."

Mr. Nagle started and coloured furiously. The friend and pupil of the imperishable Braham to be classed as "a common stroller!" Yet he did not know what to say.

"It is all ridiculous—not to be thought of. The people here are talking of this intimacy, against which I set my face. It is right to let you know at once that nothing can come of it. If you are wise, you will let the thing alone. You are all very clever, no doubt, in your profession, but this sort of thing won't do. Neither I nor his father will tolerate it. And as for having a son of mine exhibited for money, such a thing is not to be endured a moment! The whole league is disgraceful."

The young man, colouring and indignant, interposed. "Now, mother, what is all this about? what can you be talking of? You shouldn't really—it ain't fair."

"No, it is not fair," said the lady, unconsciously amending the phrase of her son, "to have our name hawked about in this style. I never was so disgraced in my life. But it must be put a stop to. I will not permit it. I suppose you will not allow these people to prevent you showing respect to your mother's wishes? Perhaps you will come with me now?"

"Certainly, mother," said the young man, with deference. "But I can assure you, you are unjust to Mr. Braham Nagle and his family. They have had nothing to do with this, beyond being good enough to find that I would be of some assistance to them in their concert——"

"Exactly," said the lady, scornfully; "you could be persuaded into believing that you had a voice like Mario. Your weak and foolish vanity could swallow any flattery of that kind."

This was a weak and foolish speech on the part of so worldly-wise a lady. The young fellow was nettled and mortified.

"Mother, you never knew much about music——"

"I can assure you, my lady," interposed Mr. Nagle, with his most engaging and emollient manner, "that it is an organ of great capability, and with proper care——"

At last Corinna spoke; she had been writhing under the humiliation of this scene. To see her relatives treated after what Lady Duke—a coarse woman—would have styled "the dirt of her shoe," entered into her very soul like a hot iron.

"Papa! papa! I implore you, do not debase us before this lady! Let her go, and let her take her son, who esteems us so little that he can allow us to be treated in

this way. Tell her, papa—since he will not—that it was not we who sought him, but he us. She saw with her own eyes, at that party, how he distinguished me with his attentions. For shame! It is an unworthy and unbecoming attack to be made on us by this lady, who does not disdain to come to our humble lodgings——"

"I came for my son, madam," said the lady, trembling with rage; "but I do not choose to enter on any discussion of the matter with you. So you will excuse me, please. Now, sir, perhaps, you will give me your arm."

Young Mr. Duke cast an imploring and helpless look at Corinna. Then, without a word, he did as he was bid, gave his mother his arm, and left the room with her.

The unhappy family were left with the great staring poster spread out over the table: all, it was but too probable, that would be left of that young man's aid and intimacy.

"Such treatment!" said Mr. Nagle, after staring ruefully at the crimson letters of Mr. Alfred Duke's name. "Really quite uncalled for."

Corinna's eyes were still flashing.

"Uncalled for! Strike his name out! I am ashamed of myself to have put any trust in him. Oh, papa!" she added, covering her face, "what a mortification."

"And the expense and trouble," added Mr. Nagle; "and the bother one has had listening to him. It will ruin the whole affair. You don't know how to manage these things, child; you should not have spoken to his mamma the way you did. You mismanaged the whole business."

"I am glad of it," said Corinna, pacing up and down. "But to have been so deceived in one I thought so noble and chivalrous!"

"He is a mean cur," said Mr. Nagle, in a sudden fury. "I always thought so. But I should like to know who's to pay for these posters where his trumpery name figures?"

There was some sense in this question, for the printer would hardly look to Mr. Nagle's purse. It was a wretched state of things. The family were plunged in despair, Mr. Nagle's spirits sinking lower and lower, until he declared that music was the most infernal "stone-breaking" plague that had ever come upon the face of the earth; that he would sooner a million times "have been put to scraping ships' bottoms"—at the best an extraordinary trade to select, but it must be pardoned to him in his state of excitement.

Corinna paid no attention to these jere-miads, until the mother, the former soprano assoluta, and a lady who, in her husband's judgment, had no pretensions to sense, suggested that, after all, the young man did not mean to throw them over, and that it would be a pity to break off with him all at once.

"I'll never speak to him again," said the young lady, vehemently, "never!"

This view of his wife's seemed to strike Mr. Nagle, for he presently was saying that after all the boy might be "more led than said"—whatever that expression meant—when suddenly a knock came to the door, and the faithful maid of the lodgings came joyfully to report that Mr. Alfred had come back, and was below!

A radiant smile of triumph lit up Corinna's face. The rest of the family discreetly withdrew and left her to meet the visitor.

Mr. Duke entered with a downcast air.

"I know what you must think of me," he said, "and I appeared weak, and even mean; but you don't know—you can't understand how I am situated."

"I do understand," she answered with a quiet scorn. "I am bitterly disappointed. I, who thought you everything that was perfection."

"What *is* a man to do?" he said, impatiently. "You can't go against your family; and after all, though I would have liked to have sung and helped your concert" (it was only fair that after the family had laboured so hard to persuade him of the value of his organ, he should adopt their convictions and turn their compliment against them), "still it does not do, you know, as my mother says, to have one's name flourished about in these things"—and he pointed to the unlucky posters—"where money is taken at the doors."

"You are right," said Corinna, after a pause, "it does *not* do. It does not do that persons in your condition should come down to our level, and associate with a poor music-master and his daughter. At least, not for them. It was you, recollect, who came to us, who forced yourself on us, and it seems cruel to put this mortification upon us. To be spoken to—treated in this way—as if we were some—"

Here Corinna's eyes filled up with tears

of mortification and grief; her voice choked, and covering her face with her hands, she burst into a torrent of sobs.

Of course, Mr. Duke was beside her in a moment, soothing, and ardently protesting.

"I would do *anything* sooner than wound you, dear, dearest Corinna. But I can't do this. I dare not. At home they have everything in their power. I must not offend my mother. She has made this point. I should be ruined, if—"

Corinna had recovered herself. She was ashamed of her weakness.

"Quite proper. Now we understand each other. But you should not have behaved as you have done. You should have thought of the mortification, the humiliation you are bringing on us. All I beg and stipulate for is, that you will leave this place at once. Any more such experiments would be too costly and dangerous for us. You must honourably help us in trying to forget that we have ever known you. You must promise this. It is the only way you can make up for the injury you have done us."

The young man looked hurt and injured.

"Give you up altogether—not come and see you! You fancy these things can be done as easily as—"

"As easily as removing your name from that thing," she answered promptly. "Yes, it can be done. You shall see it. We have pride and self-respect, which shall not be trifled with any more. Good-bye! and go away as quickly as you can from this place."

She moved to the door where she stood for a moment. No dramatic heroine ever looked more brilliant or magnificent. The young man rushed to her.

"Oh, Corinna!" he said, "if you ask me, if you put it to *that*—"

"If!" she repeated, her flashing eyes making his droop. When he raised them again she was gone. He waited some moments, then went away, and hurried down the street, vehemently talking to himself.

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**EXTRA DOUBLE NUMBER FOR
CHRISTMAS, 1872,**

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